

# The Enterprise.

VOL. 2.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

NO. 44.

## RAILROAD TIME TABLE

### NORTH.

5:56 A. M. Daily.
7:26 A. M. Daily, except Sunday.
9:14 A. M. Daily.
12:49 P. M. Daily.
4:19 P. M. Daily.
6:56 P. M. Daily.
8:04 P. M. Sundays Only.
<b>SOUTH.</b>
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sundays.
7:58 A. M. Daily Sundays Only.
11:12 A. M. Daily.
12:02 P. M. Daily.
3:44 P. M. Daily except Sunday.
6:56 P. M. Sundays Only.
7:03 P. M. Daily.
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.

## S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

### TIME TABLE FOR BADEN LINE.

Leaving Time from Holy Cross.	Leaving Time from Baden Station.
8:55 A. M.	9:40
9:10	10:30
9:30	11:20
11:10	11:40
11:50	12:20 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	1:00
1:10	1:40
1:30	2:20
2:30	3:00
3:10	3:40
3:50	4:20
4:30	5:00
5:10	5:40
5:30	6:00

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

## TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Alcatraz, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

## POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m.

## MAIL ARRIVE.

A. M. P. M.	
From the North	9:40
" South	10:30
"	3:30
MAIL CLOSES.	
No. 5. South	9:10 a. m.
No. 14. North	9:40 a. m.
No. 13. South	2:40 p. m.
No. 6. North	3:05 p. m.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.	

## CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday, in Grace Church. Morning Services, 10 a. m. two Sundays in each month, and Evening Services at 7:30 p. m. two Sundays in each month, alternating. See local column. Sunday School at 3:15 p. m. Regular Choir practice every Friday evening at 7:45 p. m.

## MEETINGS.

Horse Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journey-men Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Brewery Hall.

## DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert	Redwood City

## EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

### DEEDS.

M. B. Templeton and wife to F. O. Oakes, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 73

# THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM  
Editor and Proprietor.

The New Orleans Item anxiously asks: "Is it Klondyke, Klondike or Klondike?" Unquestionably it is.

"Look out for counterfeit dollars!" shrieks a Wisconsin contemporary. That's a bad policy; better look out for good ones.

The Princess Chinay is in trouble again in Berlin. Apparently she is determined to be model young woman in everything but deportment.

A New York paper prints a facsimile of Henry Irving's signature; but as no affidavit goes with the reproduction we prefer to credit it to the work of a blue-bottle fly.

A vaudeville trust has been organized and is now in operation, but it is just as well to remember that the same old soubrettes cannot safely be trusted under the new regime.

Lillian Russell asserts her belief that "marriage is a failure." How does she know? Before making such a statement as that she ought to try it for a while instead of progressive monogamy.

"Tis love that makes the world go round, but in the case of the negro of 104 who courted the damsel of 97 in Tennessee the little god had to be helped out with the extra inducement of a melon patch to the bride.

A dispatch from Mobile says that a negro, after murdering another negro, attempted to escape, and wounded a white officer who was pursuing him. The special correspondent thoughtfully adds: "For this latter offense he probably will be lynched if the people can get at him." Why "latter"?

In Knoxville, Ala., the other day a blushing swain, aged 104, led to the altar a blushing bride of 97. Neither had been married before. Both were colored. The bride's heart capitulated before the present of a well-stocked melon patch. It is impossible to resist the wiles of Cupid when he resorts to watermelon tricks.

A Bostonese woman reformer proposes that Congress shall establish throughout the country governmental marriage bureaus to compel by law every man to marry. But that good woman should not overlook the fact that this Government could better afford to pay a large proportion of the men of to-day not to get married.

It is reported that a society has been formed in the East composed exclusively of college men, whose object is to secure laws providing for the electrocution of idiots, lunatics, deformed children and old people. It is to be hoped that the ignorant will not take this society as an evidence of what college usually does for young men.

A Georgian editor who is travelling abroad writes to his paper from Rome to say: "We are greatly shocked to find this city in such a state of decay." Well, it used to be quite a lively town, but of course after the late Julius Caesar took that Roman punch from Mr. Brutus and quit the city government fell into the hands of ward politicians and the town went to pieces. Is it any wonder that the Coliseum leaks?

The proceedings of the House of Commons make very strange reading for an American occasionally. Recently that body of august legislators called up a user before it and lectured him solemnly upon the error of refusing to answer its summons and reply to certain questions of a committee. On the same day it refused to exercise similar authority toward a man of means who had offended it by the same cause. The "mother of parliaments" is not more than other and newer bodies of lawmakers.

Occasionally there is found a man engaged in commercial pursuits who possesses great talent in artistic lines. Rogers, the poet, was a banker, and our own Halleck and Stedman were engaged in business having little to do with the muse. A noted poet of the West is a marker in a poolroom, and he doesn't write verse about Derby day, either, but about daffodils and azure skies. At least one successful merchant in Chicago dallies with literature, on the side, as it were. These remarks are called out by the discovery in London that the man who composed the music for its latest successful opera is a financier, whose musical accomplishments have never been suspected even by his intimate friends.

Oleomargarine has been prohibited in Martinique, Algeria, and all the other French colonies, under the provisions of a law passed in France last April. It provides that no product which is not exclusively made of milk or cream or both, with or without salt or coloring, can be brought in or sold under the name of butter. All products which have the same appearance as butter and are used in the same way are to be designated as "margarin." It is further forbidden to any one manufacturing or preparing butter to make or hold or let any one else make or hold margarin on his premises. It can only be introduced in places designated by the municipal authorities. The quantity of butter contained in it cannot exceed 10 per cent. All premises in which it is deposited must bear a notice to that effect, and all receptacles of it must be plainly marked on every side. Heavy

penalties are to be inflicted for violation of the law, and many packages have already been seized in Martinique which came from the United States, though they arrived before the promulgation of the law.

The fact that the great tenor's name is Jean Mieczyslaw Reschke, and not De Reszke, as commonly supposed, may be a blow to some of his admirers, but it will not impair his popularity. This fact has been brought out in communication which he has found necessary to make in order to deny that he is not an old man, as was reported, and compelled to "make up" for all his youthful parts. He calmly declares that he was born Jan. 3, 1850, at Koziola street and the tracks, in Warsaw. The tenor is therefore 47, quite a ripe age, and it will not be necessary for him to begin his "farewell" tours for several years. A man of 47 in any other business would not be considered a chicken, but a tenor of that age is in the bloom of youth.

The wire-wound cannon endures a greater explosive pressure to the square inch of powder-chamber than any other form of gun, and consequently assures greater velocity of projectile and greater power of penetration. An experimental shot from such a gun recently tried in England went through eighteen inches of steel-faced compound armor, backed by a wrought-iron plate half a foot thick, eight feet of oak timber, and three inches of ordinary iron, and still had energy enough to bury itself in a bank of clay beyond. Gen. Grant, in his autobiography, described some wooden mortars, hooped with iron, which were used under his supervision in the West; but hundreds of years earlier the cannon of European armies were made from logs, a knotty portion forming the breech, while around the barrel were wound strips of fresh rawhide which contracted as it dried.

The English libel law was illustrated by the finding of a jury in the High Court of Queen's Bench, after a three days' hearing of the suit of Mr. Andrew H. Atteridge, the Chronicle's special correspondent during the Sudan campaign, against Mr. E. F. Knight, the special correspondent of the Times in the same campaign. The jury awarded Atteridge five thousand dollars damages. The action grew out of a letter written by Knight to a friend wherein he called Atteridge a "dirty cur," and declared that he left the Sudan after the first battle at El Kebet because he was in a "blue funk." He further expressed his opinion that Atteridge was a "dirty cur" because he had treated Garrett, the correspondent of the New York Herald, in a vile manner, turning him out of his tent into the desert when he was suffering from enteric fever, for the reason that he was afraid of cholera. Knight also accused Atteridge, who had previously been a teetotaler, of drinking champagne from 5 o'clock in the morning until bed time and praying to God all day when the cholera broke out. He further described Atteridge as a brute who never washed.

A controversy appears to have broken out between the House Committee on Accounts in Washington and an undertaker of that city, which may have an especial interest to citizens generally. It relates to the bill presented by the undertaker aforesaid for funeral expenses of the late Congressman E. D. Cooke. The bill, amounting to \$1,250, has been disallowed by Chairman Odell of the Committee on Accounts on the ground that it is excessive, exorbitant and unreasonable. If this is to be taken as fairly representative of the cost of a Washington funeral it is not surprising that so few of "Uncle Sam's" officials die there and "none resign." It would seem that only a Congressman or some other representative of the Government who is sure of burial at the public expense can afford to indulge in such a luxury. For the ordinary citizen the only choice left would seem to be between living always and being buried in the "potter's field." One item of the bill was \$50 for embalming and another \$45 for three days spent in traveling from Washington to Chicago and return—transportation and other expenses, of course, being furnished by the Government—something more than the per diem of a member of Congress for the same time. The subject is a gawesome one and is touched upon with due respect to the memory of the late Representative. In view, however, of the almost absolute certainty with which these questions crop out after each congressional funeral, it might be well for Congress to settle them for all time by fixing by law the rate of compensation to be allowed undertakers under such circumstances.

## Animals and the Weather.

Many naturalists insist that animals have a special sense which enables them to foresee approaching changes in the weather and conduct themselves accordingly. Hens, ducks and geese are well known to make preparations for rain, and hours before the change is apparent to human beings these creatures may be seen oiling and dressing their plumage. Pigs frequently prepare a shelter for themselves before a storm; a pig carrying a mouthful of straw is to the farmer a sure sign of rain. Dogs and horses exhibit unusual lassitude before rain, and the cat washing her face is, among housewives, a certain sign. The croaking of the "rain crow" is considered, in the country districts, as an indication of bad weather, while even ants and bees, when rain is approaching, seek their homes, the former retiring to their holes and closing the entrance, while the latter hurry to their hives as though conscious that danger was in the air.

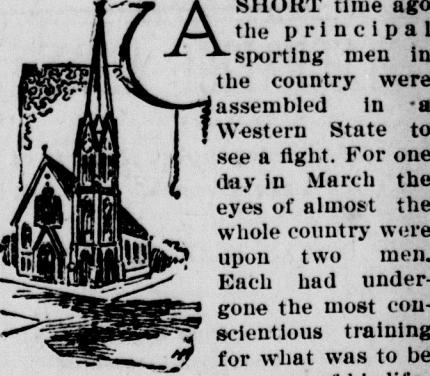
The first thing the women will do when they get into power will be to enact a law compelling a man to love only one woman at a time. Heavy

## THE GOSPEL OF GRACE

EXPOUNDED BY OUR RELIGIOUS EDITOR.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.

Training—for What?



For weeks each man had regulated his diet, taken regular exercise and sleep, had boxed and allowed himself to be pummeled.

The question of each man's physical condition was finally discussed in the daily press to an extent that seems ridiculous now. Which man could stand the greater punishment? Which deliver the stronger blows? Which was the greater brute? In fine, which could disable his opponent for at least ten seconds? Which would gain the "championship?"

The time approached. Public masters, such as the Cretan question, the new Congress, the attitude of the President on the Cuban situation, were almost lost sight of, so absorbed were a large proportion of the people in two men who were to "fight to the finish."

At last the telegraph announced to the world that the two gladiators were standing up opposed to each other. Then came an infamous account of blood and blows—a story one might expect to hear of tigers, not of men. Then came the final thrust beneath the heart.

Fifty-three minutes finished the exhibition. The training of years given for less than an hour in the ring—given to be the center of depraved interest—and then all was over. To accomplish absolutely nothing useful, to be actors in a most debasing drama, to stimulate the foolish expenditure of millions of dollars, to shock the decency of the country—such were the results for which these men had fought.

There are "black spirits and white," bad fights and good. Paul, a man who underwent as arduous a training as the two men who fought at Carson, said: "I have fought a good fight." He referred to struggles as powerful, as dramatic, as exacting of courage and endurance as any gladiatorial contest of ancient or recent times. But the difference in purpose was as the life-giving sunlight to the malarial blackness of a tropical night.

Every reader of this article is in training for something. Is it for robustness of body or of soul? Shall it be to lend excitement to a useless drama? To commit folly for the sake of cheap applause? Or for the "good fight," by which all that is selfish and debasing is conquered—and God's approval is the eternal award.—Youth's Companion.

## Nearly a Century Old.

It is not generally known that the first Protestant church ever organized in Indiana was in Knox County, but such, however, is a fact. Indiana church, or what is now known as the Upper Indiana church, was organized in the barn of Col. Small, on the farm now belonging to John Wise, one and a half miles north of Vincennes, on the Bruceville road, in the year 1801, by the Rev. Samuel B. Robinson, a missionary from Kentucky. For six years this was the only Protestant church in Indiana.

In August, 1812, it appears that the elders were Samuel Adams, Isaac Westfall, James Scott, Cornelius Merry and Daniel McClure. How many members there were at that time is not known, but at a sacramental meeting held in that year it is stated in the records that there were fifty-four communicants present. There was no church building erected until 1815, and



UPPER INDIANA CHURCH.

for thirteen years meetings were regularly held at what was then known as the "Presbyterian Stand," a rude log hut which still stands, but in a state of dilapidation.

During these meetings the Rev. Mr. McGroarty, who lived and labored at Henderson, Ky., assisted and proved to be a power for the church. After the death of the Rev. Mr. Scott in December, 1827, the church was supplied by the Revs. Stephen Bliss, William W. Martin and B. F. Spillman until the Rev. S. R. Alexander was chosen as the church's second pastor. He was ordained and installed pastor of the Indiana church October, 1828, and at that time the church membership numbered 182, but the field then covered is the same as is now covered by the seven Presbyterian churches of Knox County. In January, 1837, the first steps were

taken toward the erection of the present handsome edifice of worship. Previous to this time there was a Baptist church and a public burying ground where the church now stands. The old Baptist church was removed to the farm now owned by David Young, where it still stands, used as a barn. About the beginning of 1837 there seems to have been a desire on the part of some of the members to divide the church, and a meeting was held for that purpose, but the project failed. However, in 1842, the Indiana church was divided and became three churches. The records show that the Bruceville church was organized January 1842, while the division of the upper and lower church did not take place until the following May. The original elders were Samuel Thompson, John McCord and David McCord. Robert McCord and Samuel Thompson, Jr., were the deacons.

The present pastor of the church is the Rev. R. H. Hook, an earnest worker, and to him is indebted a great deal of the present wide popularity of the church. To-day the membership numbers 135. The elders of this famous old church at present are: Robert McCord, John Hogue, V. T. Smith, Bradway Thompson and James P. Conant. The deacons are: Archibald C. Simpson, John B. McClure, J. L. Thompson and D. S. Owen.

In the cemetery adjoining the church lie buried over sixty soldiers who fought in the war of the revolution. It is one of the prettiest burial grounds in the State, resting on a crown of a hill, sloping to the south. It has beautiful trees and shrubbery and is well kept. The church owns a beautiful parsonage, which sits in the center of twelve acres of the most fertile land in the great Wabash Valley. This pioneer church has been prosperous in the past, as is evidenced by the commodious brick edifice of worship which now stands surrounded by the hills so numerous in this section. In five more years it will have rounded out a century.

## Divine Ownership.

Men overlook larger questions in their anxiety about smaller ones; they often devote their lives to the consideration of temporal things, ignoring far more important eternal things. We are all concerned with ownership; we are nearly all grasping for temporal ownership; and we forget the all-important matter of God's ownership.

In political campaigns thousands of speakers and as many newspapers discuss government ownership of railways, etc., but very few, if any even, of our preachers, discuss God's ownership of persons and property. If we could settle this latter question for ourselves there would be no trouble with the former. Instead, however, we go at the matter backward, endeavoring to settle the minor question, the settlement of which can by no means settle the greater question.

And so the generations wear themselves out without approaching the end they seek. But if this present generation will set itself to recognize God's ownership, it will strike the root of all the evils that afflict us.—The Biblical Recorder.

## Successful Soul-Winning.

Nearly every regenerate person can trace his religious life to the agency of some individual. Sometimes it is a mother's prayers, sometimes a father's counsel, sometimes the holy living of one of God's children. But even more frequently our religious experience can be traced to a word directly spoken by some one in whose Christian character we had confidence. An unsaved person may sit under the most faithful preaching for years and remain unmoved, while the simple question, directly spoken, "Are you a Christian?" may do more to awaken his conscience than any number of sermons.

## Bits of Things.

A heart of love makes a life of grace. The path of God's commandments is the only path that leads home.

These are the days in which we need to put religion into our daily tasks, by persistently avoiding the spirit of negligence and complaint.

The man who finds most fault with the Bible is probably the one who has made the least trial of it in his life. If we test its principles by our practice, we shall find them true and constant.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things; but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another man.—Thomas Hughes.

Eternity, which cannot be far off, is my one strong city. I look into it fixedly now and then. All terrors about it seem to me superfluous. The universe is full of love and inexorable sternness and veracity, and it remains forever true that God reigns. Patience, silence, hope.—Carlyle.

The field is not the church; the church is simply the reapers thrust out into the field. God help us to keep before ourselves the map of his entire extended kingdom, and give up a heart that is willing to go anywhere. Unless we are willing to go anywhere we are fit to go nowhere.—W. H. P. Faunce.

There is a vast difference between prayer in faith and faith in prayer. Having faith in prayer is believing that because certain prayers are offered certain results will follow, that the praying will secure the thing prayed for. Praying in faith comes of an abiding confidence in the person prayed to; the confidence is in him; it is based on a knowledge of what he is and on a conviction that he is every way worthy to be trusted. Praying in faith is the act of a simple-hearted child of God.—H. Clay Trumbull.

A Parisian work on the morphine habit says it is most prevalent in Germany, France and the United States, and, strange to say, that the medical profession furnishes the largest number of morphinists—40 per cent. Men of leisure come next with 15 per cent, then merchants, 8 per cent. Of 1,000



TOPIC TIMES

At Heppner, Ore., there is a band composed entirely of women, which furnishes music at celebrations in near-by places.

Trondheim, the ancient capital of the Norwegian kings, is celebrating the nine hundredth anniversary of its foundation.

Olive growing on the Italian Riviera is giving way to the cultivation of flowers, chiefly roses and planks, for the London and Paris markets.

For assaulting a servant who was alleged to have alienated her master's affections, the master's spouse was fined 1 cent at Mobile, Ala.

During the last especially hot spell work was suspended in the granite quarries at Concord, N. H., because the stone had become so hot.

London has 14,000 policemen, Paris has 6,000 policemen, New York has 3,800 policemen. The ordinary arrests in New York in a year are 85,000, in Paris 100,000, and in London 150,000.

A Boston tailor sewed a button on a stranger's coat in his shop a few days ago, and soon after the stranger's departure found that the gold watch and chain had disappeared from his own vest pocket.

John Lakey laughed so hard at a ball game near Carlisle, Pa., when the ball struck another spectator's hand and bounded high in the air, that he couldn't close his mouth again and had to be carried a mile and a half to a surgeon.

An era of unusual railroad construction seems about to open in Oklahoma and Indian territories. Twelve lines, with a mileage of over 1,700, have been projected, some have been surveyed, and others are now under construction.

Near Boise City, Idaho, 400 feet below the earth's surface, there is a subterranean lake of hot water of 170 degrees temperature. It has pressure enough to ascend to the top floor of most of the houses and will be piped to them for heating purposes.

The exports of copper from the United States for the first five months of the year has been as follows: 1894, 32,739 long tons; 1895, 25,615; 1896, 48,521; 1897, 49,509. The total deliveries in Europe for the first five months of 1897 amounted to 89,164 tons.

Imperialism is to be spread in Paris by the new Petit Chapeau club by social means. The club will give next winter banquets, balls in the costumes of the first and of the second empires and exhibitions of relics of Napoleon I. and of the prince imperial.

The tomb of President William Henry Harrison, at North Bend, Ohio, is being reconstructed, the brick structure being replaced by one of blue limestone. There are twelve bodies, including four children, in the tomb, and vacant receptacles for the interment of others.

The city directory of Washington, D. C., contains forty George Washingtons, seven Martha Washingtons and nineteen Mary Washingtons. The bears of these names vary in color from a light gingerbread tint to an ebony black that rivals the apes of spades."

Burmah grows a hard wood called pinkadoe, which, the British have found, makes excellent railroad sleepers. The wily Burmese, however, who sell the wood, having discovered that the British engineers know little about it, have taken to dyeing cheap wood a reddish color and palming it off as pinkadoe.

An eminent physician states that typhoid fever can be washed out of the system by water. He gives his patients what would amount to eight or ten ounces an hour of sterilized water. In cases of cholera, where the system secretes a large amount of fluid, enormous quantities of hot water are of great benefit

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure it, lost much money, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address,  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

#### PURE FOOD.

Toboggan Maple Syrup is absolutely pure and rich in flavor. Recommended by physicians.

#### AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark. Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does not bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

#### CHEAP IRRIGATION.

The Hercules Gas Engine Works of San Francisco, Cal., the largest builders of gas, gasoline and oil engines on the Coast, are making extensive preparations for the season's business.

They are filling several orders for large irrigating plants and as this line of their business increases each season, it is safe to say the farmers throughout the State are appreciating the advantages of irrigation with water pumped by this cheap power.

The Hercules Works are at present building an 8-H. P. pump for Gasoline Parked Cojona, which will raise 6000 gallons per minute from the river and distribute it over his land. This will be the largest gasoline pumping plant in existence.

#### PURE FOOD.

Tea Garden Drips is a pure sugar product. The sweetest and best flavored table syrup ever made.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 422 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, 1895.

#### How They Wash.

The hardest worked washerwomen in the world are the Koreans. They have to wash about a dozen dresses for their husbands, and inasmuch as every man wears pantaloons or drawers so baggy that they come up to his neck like those of a clown, they have plenty to do. The washing is usually done in cold water and often in running streams. The clothes are pounded with paddles until they shine like a shirt front fresh from a Chinese laundry.

The Japanese rip their garments apart for every washing, and they iron their clothes by spreading them on a flat board and leaning this up against the house to dry. The sun takes the wrinkles out of the clothes, and some of them have quite a luster. The Japanese woman does her washing out of doors. Her washtub is not more than six inches high and is about as big around as the average dishpan. She gets the dirt out of the clothes by rubbing them between her hands. She sometimes uses Japanese soap, which is full of grease, and works away with her bare feet. The Chinese girls do their washing in much the same way.

The washing in Egypt is usually done by the men. The Egyptian washerwoman stands naked on the banks of the Nile and slaps the wet clothes, with a noise like the shot of a pistol, on the smooth stones at the edge of the running water, and such fellah women as wash pound the dirt out of their clothes in the same way.

Frenchwomen pound the dirt out with paddles, often slamming the clothes upon stones, as the Egyptians do.—Exchange.

#### The Energy of a Cyclone.

The primary cause of the low barometric pressure which marks the storm center and establishes the cyclone is expansion of the air through excess of temperature. The heated air, rising into cold upper regions, has a portion of its vapor condensed into clouds, and now a new dynamic factor is added, for each particle of vapor, in condensing, gives up its modicum of latent heat. Each pound of vapor thus liberates, according to Professor Tyndall's estimate, enough heat to melt five pounds of cast iron, so the amount given out where large masses of cloud are forming must enormously add to the convection currents of the air, and hence to the storm developing power of the forming cyclone. It is doubted whether a storm could attain, much less continue, the terrific force of that most dreaded of winds of temperate zones, the tornado, without the aid of those great masses of condensing vapor which always accompany it in the form of stormclouds.—H. S. Williams, M. D., in Harper's Magazine.

Drop us a line if you can't get Schilling's Best of your grocer, or if you don't like it and can't get your money back.

A Schilling & Company  
San Francisco

#### THE IDLER.

**It is in Towns and Villages that They Are the Most Dangerous.**

The old proverb about "idle hands" is illustrated daily in these modern times in almost every place, large or small, just as it no doubt has been daily illustrated for several thousands of years—and yet we stupidly fail to master the lesson which it conveys. A certain little town in New England has recently learned it in blood and tears. One of its loveliest women has been murdered by an idler, who, with half a dozen of his mates, lounged habitually around the village corners, drinking liquor when they could get it, ogling the passers-by and making coarse remarks about them, disturbing the peace of the quiet community by night, and occasionally committing more or less offensive misdemeanors. At last these have culminated in a crime so revolting that everyone who hears of it is chilled to the heart with horror.

In our large cities the idlers abound, but the police usually keep them in decent order and compel them to remain in certain quarters. It is in towns and villages that they are most high-handed and most dangerous. What village dweller does not know the slouching figures, the lack-luster eyes, the insulting laugh, of the group of idlers near the postoffice, the saloon, the railroad station, the hotel, the drug store? They do not rouse sufficient public indignation to cause any sort of a revolution, but they are, nevertheless, a constant eyesore and menace to the respectability of the community. They do no good, surely, though some philosophic mind has evolved the theory that they are created for the purpose of furnishing a awful examples.

It is hardly worth while to preserve our knots of idlers in order to secure this doubtful benefit. Let us get rid of them. If admonition and the settled determination of the decent part of the community cannot do it, let the law be invoked, as it may be in most of our States. Above all, let every boy be instructed, at home and at school, that an idler is but a single degree above a criminal. Let him shun idleness as a plague. If he cannot at once get work, let him keep away from the resorts of idlers until, by incessant effort, he secures work. Show him that the men who habitually hang around the streets have no social position—that they are the scum of the place. Our teachers have false idea regarding the ethical knowledge to be conveyed in the public schools. They may not teach any definite religious creed, and, therefore, they imagine that they may not teach morals. They should understand that morale is the chief thing which they are in their places to teach, and that they should seize every peg which any recitation affords on which to hang a little moral lesson. One of the greatest lessons of all is that of daily industry.

These little groups of idlers are breeding places for evil thoughts, evil words, evil deeds. Profanity and vice flourish there. They should be broken up and banished at any cost.—Leslie's Weekly.

#### The Whiskerless Craze.

The whiskerless craze is still sweeping over the country. It spares neither youth nor age, ignores station and takes no note of previous condition. Whiskers continue to fall on the highways and the byways of the nation. Lip and chin and cheek, long hidden in whole or in part by hair of every hue and degree of beauty and ugliness, are laid bare before a mocking or an admiring world, and the owner meets his friends with an expression that can only be interpreted as meaning, What do you think of me now? Am I not ten years younger and several times handsome? Why don't you ask me what I have done to myself? This shaving mania constitutes one of the most curious of latter day concessions to fashion—it fashion it be. Men who have worn beards for forty years are shedding them, regardless of the beauty or ugliness, the strength or weakness of mouth and chin and jaw. Why is it? Is Major McKinley, the first smooth-faced President since Andrew Johnson, setting the pace? If so, a majority of men would do well to copy his character rather than his method of wielding a razor.—Mall and Express.

#### Ancient Memorial Service.

A remarkable service was held recently at the little barnlike church of Lead Hall, near Lancaster, York, to pray for the repose of the souls of Lord De Clifford (commonly called the "butcher" because of his ferocity) and his friends, who were killed at the battle of Towton on Palm Sunday, 1461, or who died later through injuries received. According to some accounts not fewer than 18,000 Lancastrians and 10,000 Yorkists lost their lives in this battle, and most of the notable dead were afterward buried at the neighboring Caxton church, but the memorial church of Lead Hall was erected on the spot where Lord Clifford fell in the same year the battle was fought, and one service a year only has been held ever since that time, without a break, on the anniversary of the death of the Earl.—Westminster Gazette.

#### Same Both Ways.

A person with a considerable amount of spare time on his hands has collected the following list of words which may be spelled forward or backward—palindromes, as they are called in learned language: Anna, bab, bib, bob, bub, civic, dad, deed, deified, eded, did, eecce, eve, ewe, eye, gog, gig, gag, level, madam, noon, otto, pap, peep, pip, pop, pup, redder, refer, repaper, reviver, rotator, sees, shahs, tat, tit, toot, tot and tut.

The new Chinese mint at Canton coined more than 14,000,000 10-cent pieces last year.

#### IMPROVED SPRINKLING WAGON.

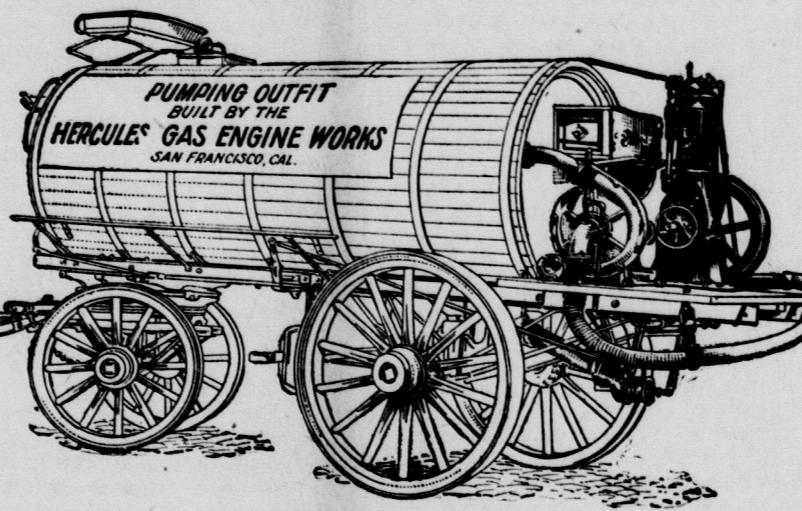
##### A Device That Does Away With Road-side Pumps and Tanks.

A recent improvement in sprinkling wagons bids fair to revolutionize road and street sprinkling in the country where there is no water system to supply water from hydrants. Heretofore it has been the custom to erect pumping plants, or to pipe water from distant points to stations along the road at such distances that the load at one of these stations would last until the wagon reached the next station on its trip. This plan makes necessary the expense of piping, tanks, wells, horse powers, etc., and has always been a very considerable item of expense, and more or less of an obstacle to having roads well watered.

The improvement consists in attaching a gasoline engine and centrifugal pump on a platform at the rear of the sprinkling wagon so that water can be taken from any convenient source. A suction hose with foot valve is attached to the pump which can be lowered into tank, creek, watering trough, or any water source. The wagon driver then starts the engine, and in from six to ten minutes his wagon is filled.

The illustration shows a wagon and pumping outfit just completed by the Hercules Gas Engine Co., of San Francisco, and now in use by the Supervisors of Tulare county upon the roads near Visalia.

It consists of an improved type of an



ordinary sprinkling wagon, and a platform built at the rear of the tank upon which stands a 2½ H. P. Special Hercules Gasoline Engine geared to a 3-inch centrifugal pump. From this pump runs a rubber suction hose and discharge pipe into the tank. The tank holds 12,000 gallons of water which will be filled by the pump in six minutes under ordinary lift, or not to exceed ten minutes lifting twenty feet, and at a cost of about 3 cents for each filling. The uses to which this improvement can be put are not confined to road sprinkling, but it is applicable to any purpose where water

is to be hauled, as, for instance, supplying threshing machinery or conveying water from one point to another for any purpose.

The simplicity of the engine makes its use perfectly safe and reliable, as it is automatic in action, all that is needed being to open the valve admitting the gasoline, and to give the wheel a start with the hand. It is durable and not at all likely to get out of order, requiring neither engineer nor machinist to keep it in condition for work.

Sprinkling country roads has been considerable of a problem, and it is believed that this improvement will go far towards an economical solution of it. The Hercules Gas Engine Works of San Francisco furnish these wagons and engines in any desired capacity, and fully guarantee them in every

#### The English Dislike of Commerce.

We believe that the English, who are continental opinion a nation of shopkeepers, are not by instinct or by aspiration a trading people at all, or even an industrial one. They are a seafaring people by tendency, and as the sea produces nothing they are compelled to trade, and circumstances have driven them into the industrial life, but their proclivity is toward struggle of any kind, and not, except as an incident in that struggle, toward the making of money. It was quite late in their history that they recognized trading as their vocation, and much later still that they surrendered the notion that to be a trader, whether merchant or manufacturer or dealer in money, was to be comparatively a base person. Till within the last few years all historians thought economics rather unworthy subjects of their pens, and the social distinctions drawn against industry were of the most galling character. Indeed, they have not disappeared yet, the contempt which was once felt for the merchant and the banker being still entertained for the distributor, though he often combines both functions.

The great industrial is still hardly reckoned on a par with the great agriculturist, and the shopkeeper of any kind is still placed far below any sort of professional.

Money, it is true, is now almost the only source of irresponsible power, and those who possess it begin, like the powerful in all countries and ages, to be highly regarded, but the grandson of a Tottenham Court road peer would much rather his peerage had been acquired in battle or by chicanery than out of a shop, however large. Even the captains of industry, who are like the old barons in many respects, are not thought of as quite their equals, and the greatest of railway builders, say the late Mr. Brassey, is not placed on the level of a great agriculturist, say the late Mr. Coke of Norfolk. The state has honored both, but the popular sentiment, which, and not the state, settles what Greeks are like, condones, rather than delights in, the action of the state. The difference is disappearing, but it dies hard.—London Spectator.

Escaping the Organ Grinders.

Reside close to a dentist's if you are not fond of street music. Itinerant organ men carefully avoid playing anywhere near the house of a practitioner who can effectually stop or remove all troublesome grinders.—London Punch.

It is my creed that a man has no claim upon his fellow creatures beyond bread and water and a grave, unless he can win it by his own strength or skill.

#### THE PATENT MEDICINE MAN.

##### He Waited Long For Results, and They Came With a Rush.

"It was more than 20 years ago that I decided the thing was ready to be put on the market," said the inventor of a compound that has now passed out of the category of patent medicines and become well introduced. "The question that bothered me was how to get the stuff before the people and make them personally acquainted with its qualities, so that I might find out whether my own faith and confidence in the article were justified. But how was I to get it into people's hands? That was the question that I had to answer. I went to the wholesale druggists, and they said it would be useless to put it on their shelves, as nobody would buy it. I sent it to doctors, but that did very little toward getting the article into the hands of the people. I gave it away at fairs, and the result was that a small portion of the people there got nearly all of the stuff, while the others went without any. Plainly that would not do. But I didn't know yet what I would do.

"After awhile it occurred to me that I would start a man in a buggy driving in a certain direction. He was to distribute the stuff to everybody he met on the road, and in that way the stuff would finally get into the hands of the people. I was going to have relays enough to stretch a line across the

#### SEEK FREE DOCTORS.

##### Some Queer Experiences In the Public Dispensaries of New York.

The least hope of any change in this charity to all policy is with those dispensaries that are bountifully endowed. The leading institution of this class in New York city is located on the west side, and, in view of its defiant abuse of all kinds of medical charity, has earned for itself the unenviable sobriquet of the "diamond dispensary." It has such a high reputation for the number and pecuniarity of its patients that it would appear to be rather a credit than a disgrace to receive its outrageously misdirected charity. Such at least is the inevitable conclusion that may be based upon the large average of well to do people who claim daily the benefits of free medical treatment so lavishly and indiscriminately furnished to all who apply. Many of these visitors are from out of town districts and will pay several dollars for car fare, will ask for a written diagnosis of their disease and an extra prescription, and will then complain if they are kept waiting beyond the time for their return train. The examining doctor is content to ride to the dispensary in a horse car; the patient comes and returns in a cab. It is no longer a joke to refer to the display of diamonds or the number of women clad in sealskins in the patients' waiting room, nor does it appear to be unlikely that, in the near future, conveniences will not be required for checking bicycles and distributing carriage numbers in the order of the different arrivals. In this connection, the following description by an eyewitness in the waiting room of this dispensary may be interesting:

"The reception room held about 200 at a time. Nobody was turned away. Fully 50 per cent of the applicants were well dressed, and 10 per cent of them were finely dressed. Three women wore fur coats that had not been handed down from somebody else. There was an attractive display of fine millinery, and the men, more than half of them, bore no evidences of poverty. But all obtained free treatment supposed to be given to paupers—poor persons."

Such instances as the following carry with them their own moral:

"During the examination of a dispensary patient a roll of bills dropped from her pocket. The doctor picked it up and remarked, 'Madam, this is free dispensary, and as you are able to pay a fee for medical advice I must decline to treat you here.' 'Well,' replied the woman, 'that money is for something else. You are paid by the city and must prescribe for me.' On being assured that the doctor received no salary from any source, the patient became indignant and protested that she was entitled to attention equally with the lady who had preceded her and from whom she had rented a house the week before."—Dr. George F. Shady in Forum.

#### England and Russia.

Many believe, says Benjamin I. Wheeler in The Atlantic, that Constantinople has been systematically fortified against the English to the west, but, at least by land, against Russia to the east. A Russian army can enter Constantinople without great difficulty. When the question of forcing the Dardanelles with an English fleet was agitated last winter, the English naval authorities estimated that of the 19 ships lying at Salonika 8 must be sacrificed to do it. The cards have been stacked for Russia. It looks today as if the ultimate occupation of Constantinople by Russia were a foregone conclusion.

What has England to say? The matter concerns her. It seemed for a time that the discovery of the route by the cape of Good Hope would provide an evasion of the eastern question and free her from the necessity of worrying about the Aegean. But the opening of the Suez canal has changed things, and, as if by jealous interposition of geography, fate, drawn the issue back to the old fighting ground in the eastern Mediterranean. If she is to hold India and Australia, England must control the Suez canal and its approaches.

Scents Was Strong.

Mrs. Van Dyke (as Van Dyke appears at 3 a. m.)—Where have you been?

Van Dyke—I—er—

Mrs. Van Dyke—Now, be careful what you say, William. Don't think you can throw me off the scent.—Boston Herald.

A paper published in Greenland can boast of the longest name in existence. It is Arrangalio Natinginnavik Syaraminas Sinik.

**CONFINEMENT AND HARD WORK**

Indoor confinement in the sitting posture are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too weary after office hours to take much needful exercise in the open air. They often need a tonic which is more agreeable and pleasant than Hostetter's Bitters, a renovant particularly adapted to recruit the exhausted force of nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic ailments.

The Absent-minded Professor—Do you know, my dear, I was so busy remembering what you asked me to buy that I actually forgot to stop and get it.

#### Stop! Women,

And consider that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's diseases is greater than that of any living physician, male or female.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolving to relate your private troubles to a man; besides, a man does not understand, simply because he is man.

#### MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read, and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman. Thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

# THE ENTERPRISE.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

## USE HOME PRODUCTS.

In an editorial article, under the caption of "Where our Money Goes," the Petaluma Argus of last week calls attention to the fact that California continues to buy poultry and eggs from beyond the Rocky Mountains, and that even corn to feed home-bred poultry is imported from the East, and remarks: "With money going to the East for poultry and eggs, as well as for corn to feed our poultry at home, is it any wonder that we are always under the shadow of a money famine?" The Argus is right. Instead of importing poultry and eggs California should have a surplus. When we produce enough of the staples to feed and clothe our people, then California's gold will remain at home. As it is, California imports not only poultry and eggs, but a vast amount of meat products. Chicago, Kansas City and Omaha are constantly shipping hams, bacon, lard and all kinds of finished meat products to this State to the value of hundreds of thousands of dollars, which we should and could produce at home.

With the introduction of improved appliances and methods for curing and handling meats on a large scale, the superiority of the Eastern ham, bacon, lard and other meat products has disappeared, and there is no good reason why California dealers and consumers should purchase a pound of these goods produced outside of the State.

According to the press dispatches, there has appeared in Chicago a young woman, Mrs. Maude Maynard Noel by name, described as a tall, beautiful blonde, with a face tender and thoughtful, whose every movement is full of grace and refinement, a mother, with three children of her own, who has begun a campaign which has for its aim the slaughter of all the weak of the human family, whether physically or mentally incapable, who would bring about "the survival of the fittest" by weeding out the unfit in the cradle.

Whilst this beautiful and refined creature of the tender and thoughtful countenance would have death come by a painless process, if possible, yet she would, nevertheless, establish an inexorable rule and be relentless in killing. Could this gentle reformer have her way the light of infant Byrons of the future would be quenched in the cradle.

The Southern Pacific Railway Company has had seven of its locomotives changed to crude oil burners, and has recently made two purchases of oil in bulk, one of 10,000 and another of 20,000 barrels. This move by the big railway corporation is encouraging to California petroleum producers. There is no more promising field in California today for the production of petroleum than the west coast of this country.

As a consequence of the heavy decline in the price of the white metal, there is serious trouble in free silver Mexico.

The purchasing power of the pauper wages of poor Mexican workingmen, has been reduced to the starvation point, and the Government fearing its inability to obtain sufficient gold to meet the interest on the National debt threatens to absolutely prohibit the export of gold from the Republic.

Forced at last to admit the general improvement in prices and business throughout the country, the calamity press consoles itself by declaring that the Republican policy has had nothing to do with bringing about the change. Be this as it may, it is very certain that the calamity crowd didn't bring the good times back, and that the mere presence of prosperity precludes the possibility of Popocratic success.

The weekly trade reviews of both Dun & Co. and Bradstreet for last week record the onward march of trade revival and good prices.

Sixteen iron works and fifteen wo-

en mills started up last week, while many others are preparing to resume and some have increased wages.

The feature of the week was the advance in prices of almost all leading staples.

The State Democratic Committee of Pennsylvania has, by resolution, decapitated National Committeeman Wm. F. Harrity.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The recent exportation of American tin-plate that sold in foreign markets is a more eloquent and forceful answer to the free-traders assertions than columns of newspaper or oratorical statements. It is only six years since Democrats were insisting that no amount of protection would enable American manufacturers to successfully produce tin-plate, yet in that brief time they have practically supplied the markets of the United States and are now reaching out for those of the world.—Exchange.

The trade revival continues. Sixteen iron works and fifteen woolen mills started up last week, and in wool, iron and steel prices are growing stronger. One of the most striking signs is an increase of 40 per cent in the bank clearings over the exhibits made during the corresponding week of 1896. Even the South is feeling the good effect of reviving confidence and the journals of Baltimore, Atlanta and New Orleans are urging their people to make the most of present opportunities.—S. F. Chronicle.

As nearly as the stories from the Klondyke correspondents can be epitomized, it appears that some few men strike it rich in the placers and the great mass continues to work hard and get little. The old round world is still the world, and there is in Alaska no promised land where an injunction runs against the dictum, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread."—S. F. Bulletin.

In these piping times of Klondyke gold and dollar wheat, it is annoying to have to tip out hat to Boston, but it is all because we ignored the color line. Next time a chocolate drop blows in from the Beacon Hill and Back Bay districts, it will not carry off \$7000 of our gold, but will get sent on to Alaska to dig for it.—S. F. Examiner.

Chairman Jones crawls out from the debris of 1896 long enough to remark that he cannot see any improvement in business. But Mr. Jones' inability to see things that everybody else observes is not recent. It took him exactly nine and a half days after the voting was over to see that McKinley had been elected.—S. F. Chronicle.

In the general reopening of the mills there has been something of a disposition to overlook the mints—and yet they are running along on pretty full time. The Klondyke gold supply has to be worked up as rapidly as possible.—S. F. Bulletin.

A Minnesota farmer hit his better-half in the face with a muskmelon and she got even by running away with the hired man. It won't do, even for a farmer, to assume that his wife cante-lope.—Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

Silver evidently don't dare to look a good wheat crop in the face.—Times-Gazette.

## MUCH TOO LIBERAL.

People who take all things literally are apt to tread on other people's toes. The man who walked in where he saw a sign, "Walk in," and who was ordered out, was a literal man, and so was he who went into a pawnbroker's shop and demanded 40 shillings because there was a placard in the window that read: "Look at this watch for 40 shillings."

"I looked at it," said he, "and now I want my £2."

The most amusing incident we have heard is that of the country man who, while sauntering along a city street, saw a sign:

"Please ring the bell for the caretaker."

After reflecting for a few minutes, he walked up and gave the bell such a pull that it nearly came out by the roots. In a few minutes an angry faced man opened the door.

"Are you the caretaker?" asked the bell puller.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I saw that notice, so I rang the bell, and now I want to know why you can't ring the bell yourself."—London Tit-Bits.

## Friendship In Kentucky.

When Judge Pendleton grows reminiscent, he is always interesting, and when Mr. Henry Tompkins walked in he said:

"Mr. Tompkins, your cousin, Louis Garth, was the only bully I ever saw who was a brave man. He was the most overbearing man I ever saw. He was in a poker game in camp with Lieutenant Forrest, a brother of General N. B. Forrest, and he called Forrest a liar. Forrest pulled his pistol, a double barreled weapon, and, placing it to Garth's breast, he pulled the trigger. The cartridge failed to fire, and Garth spat out a chew of tobacco and without moving a muscle said, "Lieutenant, you had better try the other barrel." Forrest put his weapon up and said, "Garth, you are a brave man, and I will not shoot a brave man." They were inseparable friends forever afterward.—Owensboro Inquirer.

## A CALIFORNIA YEAR.

How do we know when the spring has come, in this pleasant land by the western sea? Why, the rainy days grow far apart. And the clouds before the north wind flee: The green hills are covered with red dots, And pepper trees scatter their berries red; The hills with poppies are all afame, And linnets and meadow larks sing o'erhead.

How do we know when summer is here? The sky is one vast deep vault of blue. When the sun pours down his golden flood, Unchecked by a cloud the whole day through: Grain fields are waving and orchards bend low, White tentare unfolding on mountain and shore. And the life of the camper is blithe and gay.

What is the sign of the autumn time?

Oh, then the vineyard then the leaflet show—

Muscats and Hamburgs and Fleming Tokay—

Never were clusters like these, I trow!

But the roads in trees with dust are gray:

Yellow and sere be the hills and plain:

The water-courses are parched and dry.

All patiently waiting for the beautiful rain.

But the winter r—a! that's the strangest of all;

Instead of the north the south wind blows;

The swallows fly northward, bringing the rain;

The patterning rain, not winter snows;

And then the rivulets sing once more.

The hills turn green, and the deer wild flowers

Awake from their sleep, while the furrow'd earth

Grows young again 'neath the welcome showers.

Editorial Services.

Tenure of Land on Condition of Personal  
Duty to the Sovereign.

Florence Hayward describes Queen Victoria's coronation roll in The Century. The writer says:

After telling how the privy council was formed into a commission "to hear the petitions of the lords, great men, nobles, knights and other with regard to services, duties, attendances, offices, fees and rights connected with the ceremony of coronation," the roll states what these petitions were, or at least such of them as were granted.

One was that the Duke of Norfolk,

who claimed "the right to find for the queen on her day of coronation a glove

for her majesty's right hand and to support the queen's right arm on the same day as long as her majesty shall hold

in her hand the royal scepter, the petitioner holding the manor of Worksp by the aforesaid services." In other words, if the Duke of Norfolk had failed to provide the glove or to support her majesty's arm at that particular time his ownership of Worksp manor would have been invalidated and the property have reverted to the crown.

Another petition was that of Barbara,

Baroness Grey de Ruthyn, who, as the head of her family, claimed the right to

carry the great spurs before her majesty on the day of her coronation and asked that George, Lord Byron, be appointed her deputy for the performance of that duty.

Yet another was that of Francis,

twelfth earl of Huntingdon. The earl of Huntingdon had remained sus-

pended for many years owing to the tenth earl dying without issue. When, however, this twelfth in the line of suc-

cession succeeded in establishing, as a descendant of the second earl, his right

to carry one of the four swords of state in the coronation procession, this, as well as other duties and services con-

nected with the ceremony, being the condition of his tenure of lands. Small

wonder, then, that in announcing the omission of the procession it was im-

portant to set forth also that the non-

performance of duties connected with it should entail no forfeitures.

The USEFUL GIRAFFE.

Employed to Get Down Balls That Had  
Lodged In the Roof Gutter.

"Good natured?" said the old circus man. "Why, the best in the world.

When the old man's boy used to get a baseball lodged in a gutter at the eaves of the house—this was when we were off the road in winter quarters—he never used to get out at the scuttle and climb down the roof and take the risk of falling off and breaking his neck to get it. He used to go to the barn and get out the giraffe. The old 18 footer would trot along after the boy—he knew what was wanted—till they came to the house and then walk along the side looking down into the gutter as he went along until he came to the ball, and then he would pick it up and bend his head down and give it to the boy.

"One day when the youngster had thrown a ball up on the roof and had seen it roll down into the gutter he went as usual after the giraffe. When the giraffe looked along the gutter that day, there was no ball there. He took his nose out of the gutter and looked down at the boy in the yard with a large interrogation mark in each eye as much as to say:

"Sure it didn't roll off somewhere?"

"And the boy said 'Sure,' and then the giraffe looked again, but it wasn't there, and the giraffe so reported, with a solemn shake of the head, and was driven back to the barn.

"They wondered about this, for it

was the first time the giraffe had ever

failed to get the ball, and they knew it

must be there, but it was soon explained.

A day or two later there came a big

rainstorm. Instead of running a big

noisy stream as usual the tin water pipe

from the roof ran just a little bit of a

stream, and the water that should have

run off in that way overflowed the gutters

and dripped in a thin sheet against the side of the house. Then they knew why the giraffe couldn't find the ball. It had rolled down the water pipe."—New York Sun.

## An Expensive Product.

It is said that the most costly product in the world is charcoal thread. It is at present made in Paris, but by an artisan who carefully conceals himself from the public to guard the secret of his craft. Charcoal thread is sold at wholesale by the gramme (15% grains) and is used for incandescent lamps. That for the 30 candle lamp costs \$12,000 per pound and that for 20 candles \$8,000 per pound.—New York Ledger.

## Appreciation.

"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large hearted, generous girl."

"I do, sir (with emotion), and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—Harlem Life.

## OUR BIG BUILDINGS.

For Them We Have No Architectural  
Tradition to Guide Us.

To take the 20 story steel frame building and think it out for itself is to begin with that building of Chicago in which the panels between the uprights of the steel frame are filled with thin iron, just as they might have been filled with pasteboard or leather. Such a building has no walls. The spaces between the constructional uprights and horizontals are simply filled, partly with glass, partly with an opaque screen. That is the logical beginning of the new tradition, and if the designers will take that up and work at it, they may, in the course of the century, develop a new style of architecture. There is little chance, apparently, of that being done. Instead of that, each designer is applying to his own tall building the forms which he finds in books or as used in his own practice on buildings of a far different character, these previous buildings having been designed themselves by reference to books rather than under the sway of tradition.

In short, no man can say that he has learned of his predecessors any safe and certain way of going at his work, and the consequence is that those conditions under which alone can the design of any building be made successful are wanting. Since the world began no man has ever designed a good building independently of tradition. It is as certain that no man ever will do so as it is certain that no man will build a good, swift, large freight carrying ship without having consulted the lines of other ships not quite so highly developed.—"The Field of Art" in Scribner's.

## HAD ENOUGH.

Two Turks were at a French banquet. Toward the conclusion of the feast a Frenchman selected a toothpick from the tray near him and politely passed the tray on to his neighbor, who, however, peremptorily declined the offer, exclaiming: "No, thank you. I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no more."—San Francisco Argonaut.

## The Spear.

In old days, when the spear was used as a weapon of war, men had to be very careful how they carried it. If in a strange country they bore their spears point forward, it was taken as a declaration of war, while if they carried them on their shoulders with the point backward they were treated as friends.

## IF YOU WANT

# GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

## THE COURT.

### CHOICEST

### Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.

Grand Avenue, Next to P. O.

## VENUS OIL CO.

## LOCAL NOTES.

Personal mention in this column. Mr. H. B. Maggs has removed to San Francisco.

Rev. Father Cooper paid our town a visit on Wednesday.

Frank Miner started up steam at the rockcrusher on Tuesday.

H. A. Gainer, attorney at-law of San Francisco, was in town on Tuesday.

Miss Della Cameron returned on Tuesday from a visit to friends at Sacramento.

We are pleased to see Jesse O. Snyder out of the hospital and able to be around again.

Wm. Rehberg's teams have been employed the past week hauling hay to Jersey Farm.

Mrs. Belle Sutherland, who has been quite ill the past week, is so far recovered as to be out again.

Charley Funk, who succeeded in getting married recently without the reporter's knowledge, has gone to housekeeping in a cozy cottage in the northern part of town.

Ed Daniel has bought the meat market business of Wisdom & Huff at Palo Alto and taken charge of the business. We regret to lose Mr. Daniel and his charming wife, but wish them success and happiness in their new home.

W. J. McCuen returned from Trinity county last week. Mr. McCuen says the Trinity boom is an out-and-out fake and fraud. G. W. Tober, who also returned to San Mateo on his way from Coffee Creek, on Friday of last week, confirms all that Mr. McCuen says.

On the Sunday before last a party of sports, consisting of Bob Chatham, Still Sears and Long Genoehio of Redwood City, and our own Tom Hickey, were out after venison and brought in one four-point buck and one young male deer. Hickey has been out six times this season and has brought venison home every time.

W. E. Wagner (our Billy) belongs to the San Mateo Band and came up with the band wagon and the boys on Sunday last to make music for the Butchers' picnic. Billy was looking fine and was kept so busy shaking hands with old friends that the band boys threatened to put a substitute in charge of Billy's horn.

## THE JOURNEYMAN BUTCHERS' PICNIC.

The first picnic given by Lodge San Mateo No. 1 Journeyman Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, on Sunday last was a complete success in every respect.

The San Mateo Band drove up in their nobby band wagon and were on hand at 9 o'clock a.m. There was no mistake made in the selection of a band; the music furnished by the San Mateo boys was simply perfect, and was duly appreciated by every one present. The day was fine from rising to the going down of the sun.

The grounds were in good condition and no better site than the big grove near Baden Station could have been found.

The electric cars from San Francisco brought the crowds to within a few yards of the picnic grounds.

The refreshment stands were well conducted and well patronized and perfect order prevailed from the beginning to the end; not a single disagreeable incident occurred to mar the pleasures of the day.

The games and races afforded an abundance of fun. The following were the winners of the prizes in the several contests, viz:

One hundred yard race, open to all, won by Mike Thompson of Redwood City; married ladies' race, won by Mrs. J. E. Rogers of South San Francisco; fat men's race, won by Mr. Demara of San Mateo; fat ladies race, Mrs. Minnie Jones of South San Francisco; young ladies' race, Miss Linnie Trask of South San Francisco; boys under 14 race, Albert Dreiss of South San Francisco; girls under 14 race, Miss Ethel Furner; three-legged race, J. Kelly and Dan Daly; tug-of-war, won by the Irish team.

The jolly crowd danced the day out and went home in the evening well pleased with the day's outing.

## IN MEMORIAM.

The death of Otto Daubert, which occurred at the packing-house of the Western Meat Company, on Thursday of last week, was one of the saddest events in the history of our town.

In the bloom of youth, in the enjoyment of perfect health and engaged in the ordinary occupation of his daily life a mere slip of his foot and he was caught and crushed to death instantly by the machinery in the room where he had worked for months. Married but three short weeks, he leaves a young and tender wife to mourn his loss.

Otto Daubert was at the time of his death aged 24 years and 22 days. He was a native of Frankfort, Germany, a young man of steady and industrious habits and respected by all who knew him.

The funeral, which took place at 2 o'clock p.m. of Saturday last, the 28th day of August, 1897, from the residence of Henry Niderost, Esq., was one of the largest our little town has ever witnessed, and was in charge of the Journeyman Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, of which order the deceased was a valued and highly respected member. The following members of the order acted as pallbearers, viz: H. Odleann, E. Granitz, Jos. O'Day, P. Lind, Chas. Wiswald and Martin R. Yager. There was a wealth of flowers, and among the large floral pieces may be men-

tioned, "A broken wheel," the offering of Lodge San Mateo No. 7; "Gates Ajar," from employees of the Western Meat Company, and a pillow of flowers, the offering of Lodge San Francisco No. 1. The funeral ceremonies were solemn, impressive and affecting, and many eyes were wet at the beautiful service for the dead was rendered by Grand Conductor Ben Davis and acting Grand President John O'Keefe. The deceased was a member in good standing, and his widow is entitled, and will receive, the full benefit of the endowment money.

The charter of Lodge San Mateo No. 7 will be draped in mourning in memory of the deceased brother for the period of thirty days.

It is sad to see a young life go out so suddenly, and it is yet sadder to behold another young life made desolate by a loss so utterly irreparable; and while the tender sympathy of all hearts go out to the widow so young and so sorely bereaved, we realize how feeble and futile is all human aid, and ask Heaven to help her.

## OUR LOCAL SPORTS.

The Baden Gun Club held a meeting on Wednesday evening, which was well attended, and at which arrangements were made for the strict enforcement of the game law during this year.

The club will aid and assist the local officers in the prosecution of any and all persons who may violate the law. The grounds of the club are enclosed and posted; no trespassing will be permitted.

## PRESS NOTES.

### DEER HUNTERS, TAKE NOTICE.

In view of the fact that there seems to be a conflict of opinion concerning the close of the season for hunting deer, and also as to the employment of dogs in deer hunting, we are requested by Game Warden Hatch to publish the following sections of Ordinance No. 117, passed by the Board of Supervisors July 10, 1893, and which ordinance is still in full force and effect. The Warden is advised by the District Attorney that this is the law, and Mr. Hatch is desirous that it should be published in order that all hunters may read and govern themselves accordingly:

Sec. V. Every person who, in the County of San Mateo, State of California, between the first day of September and the fifteenth day of July of the year next following, shall hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any male deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep or buck, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Sec. VI. Every person who, in the county of San Mateo, State of California, shall at any time with dog or dogs of any kind, hunt, pursue, take, kill or destroy any male deer, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Sec. VII. Every person who, in the county of San Mateo, State of California, shall at any time hunt, pursue, kill, take or destroy any female deer, antelope, elk, mountain sheep or spotted fawn, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor. —Redwood City Democrat.

## WHERE OUR MONEY GOES.

In Tuesday's Bulletin, under the caption of "Poultry and Game," appears the following:

"A car of Eastern poultry was put on the market this morning and brought \$5.50 for hens, \$4.50 to \$5 for fryers, \$3 to \$3.25 for broilers, 14c for hen turkeys and 16c for gobblers; more is expected this week. California stock is neglected; receipts are not heavy, yet enough for the limited demand."

The above is no unusual occurrence, but it is used by us to show that there is great room for improvement in our industrial methods. It is a sorry commentary upon our boasted climate and productiveness of soil that poultry and eggs should be sent to us from beyond the Rocky mountains.

Not only this, but our poultry growers here even feed eastern corn to their chickens.

We are informed that nine carloads of Nebraska corn is soon to arrive here consigned to a syndicate of our grangers for chicken feed.

With money going to the east for poultry and eggs, as well as for corn to feed our poultry at home, is it any wonder that we are always under the shadow of a money famine?

These conditions should not exist, and we can never hope for prosperous times so long as we send our money away to purchase supplies we ought to produce at home.—Petaluma Argus.

## WILL BURN PETROLEUM.

The Southern Pacific Company Enters the Field as a Purchaser in the Southern California Market.

**Los Angeles, August 29.**—The development in the past week in the oil situation have greatly encouraged petroleum producers. The Southern Pacific Railway Company has formally entered the field as a purchaser and consumer.

It is reported that the management of that company has had seven locomotives changed to crude oil burners within the week just closed and that two purchases of oil in bulk have been made by that corporation, one of 10,000 barrels and another of 20,000 barrels. The purchase price is not known.—S. F. Chronicle.

## A CALIFORNIA INDUSTRY.

G. B. Mier and family of Dagget, are staying in San Pedro, where they came to avoid the scorching heat of the desert and to visit Tom Miller, an old-time friend of theirs.

Mr. Mier, in an interview with the Times representative, reports that Dagget is now looking prosperous. The borax mines and factory of Mr. Mier are doing a rapidly increasing business, and are putting out over eighty tons of

boracic acid daily. This mine is the only one in the United States that produces boracic acid, and since the tariff on borax has been raised the industry will give employment to a large number of men. Mr. Mier confidently asserts that the output of his plant will be quadrupled in a very short time. There is also a considerable amount of gold mining going on in the vicinity of Dagget.

The borax mines of Mr. Smith are what is known as swamp or surface borax and do not produce boracic acid. This product is shipped in large quantities to San Francisco and England in a crude state, and is refined after reaching those markets.

A refinery is located in Alameda, from whence the refined article is sent all over the Pacific Coast, very little being sent east, the eastern markets being supplied principally from Turkey.—Times, San Pedro.

The division headquarters and operating department of the Southern California Railway are to be removed from Los Angeles to San Bernardino next week. The company's car repair shops, at Albuquerque are also to be moved to San Bernardino. This is quite a feather in the cap of San Bernardino and makes it the center of the network of railroads which this enterprising company is extending all over Southern California.—Chino Valley Champion.

## THE SHIP'S BELL.

It Is Closely Identified With the Whole Career of the Vessel.

Lieutenant John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., writes an article for St. Nicholas on "What Is Told by the Bell," in which he says:

Nothing in a ship becomes so closely identified with her throughout her whole career as the ship's bell. Officers and crew come and go; masts, decks, engines and boilers become old and are replaced by new ones; but from the day that she first glides into the water the same ship's bell remains always a part of her, marking her progress all over the world, and finally going down with her to a lonely grave at the bottom of the sea, or surviving her as a cherished souvenir of her existence and achievements. On a man-of-war the bell is usually inscribed with her name and the date of her launching, and as it is probable that it may some day become a memento of a glorious history the bell is often the subject of special care in casting or selection. Sometimes the hundreds of workmen who have built the great ship contribute each a silver coin to be melted and molded into a bell, which shall be the token of their love for the object of their creation and their interest in her future career.

In Italy and Spain, where all the great beauties have olive skins and dark, handsome eyes, a blonde doll is quite uncommon. Japanese dolls have twinkling, beady eyes, set in their heads astound, while the gayly dressed doll from Singapore looks from her copper-colored face with a pair of narrow, coquettish black eyes, quite different in expression from either the Spanish or Chinese beauties. Thus every country has its national doll standard of beauty.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

### THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

**The Dandelion's Complaint.**  
Oh dear! Oh dear!  
How strange I must appear!  
My head is so bare,  
That every one will stare  
At me now.

Once like a golden star  
I shone out from afar;  
Then a light fleecy down  
Made a lovely crown  
On my head.

But this morning—oh dear!  
It all seems so queer!  
There came a little lass,  
And paused upon the grass  
By my side.

She wished something, very low,  
And then began to blow,  
And my soft, silky hair  
Went floating through the air  
All around.

"I blow them all away  
And wish," I heard her say,  
But I know I shall take cold,  
And it makes me look so old—  
Oh dear!

—St. Nicholas.

**Why Dolls Are Blue-Eyed.**

Little girls who play with their dolls may be interested to know what sets the fashions in dolls' eyes. When Queen Victoria ascended the throne sixty years ago she was fair and had very blue eyes, whereupon blue eyes became all the fashion, and all the royal dollmakers of her kingdom began sending blue-eyed dolls from their factories. In Italy and Spain, where all the great beauties have olive skins and dark, handsome eyes, a blonde doll is quite uncommon. Japanese dolls have twinkling, beady eyes, set in their heads astound, while the gayly dressed doll from Singapore looks from her copper-colored face with a pair of narrow, coquettish black eyes, quite different in expression from either the Spanish or Chinese beauties. Thus every country has its national doll standard of beauty.

**So Hot!**

"Oh, it is so hot!" said Betty. "It is so hot! Mammy, I don't know what I shall do, it is so hot!" Now Betty was not doing anything. She was sitting by the window, with her head on the sill, and the shade of the big horse-chestnut-tree made a little coolness; so mammy went on with her mending and said nothing, except that it was hot, and she was sorry for Betty.

Presently Betty saw a hand-organ man with a monkey coming. She raised her head, and he stopped under the window and began to play. "Mammy, the monkey is dancing!" cried Betty. "the monkey is dancing! May I go out and dance, too? Oh, he is such a dear little monkey! Now he is climbing up the fence, and walking along the top. O mammy, may I climb up and walk along the fence? Please, mammy, say I may!" And Betty jumped up and down, and danced little steps like the monkey's, and tried to look like him, but fortunately did not succeed.

"I thought it was so hot!" said mammy. "Do you think dancing will make you cooler, Betty?" "I don't think it is so hot now," said Betty. "Not quite so hot, mammy. You see, I didn't know what to do then. It's always hotter when you don't know what to do; but now I do know!" Youth's Companion.

**First Locomotive Whistles.**

We are accustomed to regard the whistle as a very important part of the locomotive engine, but within the memory of some of the older engineers the bell gave the only warning of the approach of a train. The first whistles were intended as a warning in more ways than one. In the early days of the railroads the trains were much interrupted by cattle, sheep and pigs on the right of way, and in order to frighten them off a small hole was bored in front of the engine boiler and fitted with a tube. When the train came rattling along and the engineer saw a cow on the track he opened this hole and out spurted the steam and hot water with a tremendous crackling and hissing, filling the air with a cloud of mist. It was enough to frighten the most intrepid cow and send her bawling from the tracks.

Presently some ingenious workman fitted up a reed and drove it into the steam hole and the screeching and whistling that it made not only frightened the cows, but terrified every one who lived along the road. But it did its work so well that the whistle was finally removed from the front of the engine and placed on top, where it is used to-day.

A similar story is told of the first steamboat whistle used on the great lakes. Early in May, 1844, the steamer Rochester departed from Buffalo, bound for Chicago. The engineer was a mechanical genius named McGee, and he had constructed a steam whistle from plans which he had seen in a scientific paper. On the way up the lakes he blew it at every stop, much to the astonishment and terror of the inhabitants. Just before reaching Mackinaw the Rochester, after a lively race, passed the steamer Gen. Porter, Capt. C. L. Gager. Engineer McGee celebrated the victory by blowing his whistle derisively and noisily. When both boats reached the wharves Capt. Gager rushed up in a rage, shaking his fist and daring McGee to come down and face him.

**Confederate Veterans Combine.**  
The various Confederate veteran camps in New Orleans have combined to establish an intelligence bureau for securing employment for Confederate veterans and their sons and daughters.

"What are you squawking that thing at me for?" he roared.

And if it had not been for mutual friends, steamboat whistling on the lakes might have been introduced with a lively battle of fistfights.

**Stories of Young America.**

A little boy who had a cousin living in demand at strong prices. Hogs—Desirable hard fed hogs are in demand at strong prices. Provisions are in good demand at stronger prices.

**LIVESTOCK.**—The quoted prices are 40 (less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle), stock to be fed and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fed and weighed in San Francisco.

Cattle—No 1 Steers 6½@7½c; No 2 Steers 5½@6½c; No 1 Cows and Heifers 5@5½c;

Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under, 3½@4½c; over 250 lbs, 3½@3½c;

Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2½@3c; Ewes, 2½@2½c;

Spring Lambs—3½@3½c, gross, weighed alive.

Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 4@4½c; over 250 lbs 3½@3½c.

**FRESH MEAT.**—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:

Beef—First quality steers, 5½@6½c; second quality, 5@6½c; third quality, 3½@4½c.

Veal—Large, 6½@7½c; small, 7½@8½c.

Mutton—Wethers, 6½@8½c; ewes, 5½@6½c;

Dressed Hams, 5½@6½c

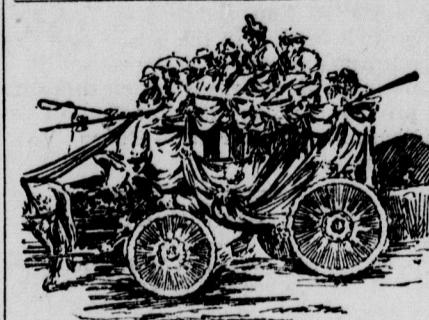


As many as 100 members of a lodge, for instance, plan for a two weeks camping out. A committee of arrangements takes charge of all details. The camping site is generally near some popular summer resort, where there is a lake, woods, hotels and ready transportation. This little city enjoys itself thoroughly. The merry crowd takes storms as novel experiences, mishaps as something to talk about when home is reached. The idea is a growing one, and has been reduced to the minimum, so far as expense is concerned.

Vacation to some, however, either means a long visit to some relatives at a distance, and amid strongly contrasting surroundings, or a tour of the fashionable or lively summer resorts. There is not much of rest for the bright-spirited person in such a course. Pleasure is the ruling influence—boating by day, picnics, driving, tennis; a dance every night, and meals up to the menu of a three-dollar a day city hotel. The experience is an expensive one, for everything costs. The roving, un-

favorite among people residing in Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Cleveland and the South and West.

Then there is Echo Lake, in the Adirondacks, Lake George, Delaware



Water Gap, Mount Washington, and innumerable places where profound enjoyment has been reduced to a science. There are the Thousand Islands, free to all visitors, and camping parties and excursionists may locate where they will on promise not to commit needless

scattered beautiful places of resort, and some have economical features that give the slim pocket-book a fair chance.

The person who gets the most good out of his few weeks of summer vacation does not own a cottage at any resort. He goes to a different place each year, never makes the same trip twice. It is the most tiresome thing in the world to be obliged to go to the same cottage, and have the same neighbors, and do the same things, and dress in the same fashionable sort of clothes that you do all the rest of the year. After such a season one feels as if he must now take a rest elsewhere, and he needs it far more than he did at the beginning of summer.

Don't go where you will meet any one you know if you can help it. Don't go to the same place you have gone, perhaps, for years. Go to some new place not a fashionable resort, but one which is comparatively new to everybody, some wild place where civilization has not ruined the natural beauty of the scenery. Get near to "Nature's heart" and stay there. Fill your days with out-of-door pleasures. Lie on the pine needles somewhere in the North woods and take in all the good, clear, sweet breath of the woods and study by observation everything or anything in Nature. Dream—dream all day long, and sleep and eat. It will not be necessary to lay any command down to eat, for any one who spends his time in the woods by the lakes cannot help but eat. The appetites of sojourners in those regions are something astounding.

Above all, don't hurry. Whatever you do take your time. This is a time of general relaxation and should not be utterly spoiled by trying to crowd too much pleasure into a short time. Take all you can leisurely and conveniently and leave the rest for another season.

A couple of stanzas by Dr. Van Dyke just expresses the true idea of a vacation:

Only an idle little stream,  
Whose somber waters softly gleam,  
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,  
And cast the fly and loaf and dream.

Only trout or two, to dart  
From foaming pools and try my art,  
No more I'm wishing, old fashioned fishing  
And just a day on nature's heart.

#### PIGEON FAMILY ON A SHIP.

*FEMALE MADE HER MATE SIT ON THE EGGS DURING THE VOYAGE.*

On board the Neptune liner Delano, Captain James, which arrived recently from Rotterdam, is a clear case of petticoat government.

When the Delano left Rotterdam a pair of pigeons were occupying a loft on the vessel. On the voyage across the Atlantic two eggs appeared in the nest, over which there was a real pigeon chuckle that drew the attention of the crew, and investigation proved that a family was expected. Great care was taken by the sailors in wild weather to see that the mother and her eggs were not rolled out or washed by the seas.

Then the sailors discovered that there was more petticoat government visible in the treatment of the male by the female than was recognized in the ethics of the married men who were on board. As an instance it was seen that after the mother had taken a "dog watch," keeping the eggs warm, she would catch her better half by the collar and drag him into the nest and make him take her place on the eggs. No sailor would stand such treatment as that without complaining to the British Consul or the Board of Trade.



Captain James is bothering his head as to what he will do with the orphans if the father follows the mother. He hopes that Immigrant Commissioner Robinson will not put him under the same bond that he does when stowaways escape from ships.—Baltimore Sun.

#### Dangers of Smoking.

While many surgeons deny the existence of "smokers' cancer," others indicate tobacco as the cause of cancer of the lips and nasal fossae. The disease from this cause is said to be lobulated epithelioma, sometimes of horny tissue. It shows particularly among smokers who pay no attention to the cleaning of the mouth, who smoke short clay pipes



PICTURED ROCKS, LAKE SUPERIOR.

to the bottom, and who use an inferior quality of tobacco. The under lip or part of the tongue most in contact with the overheated stem of the pipe is most frequently attacked. These neoplasms grow in the base of the tongue and on the tonsils of those who have lost their teeth, and who hold the pipe deep in their mouth. The weight of the pipe is a source of irritation, and the cancer is found on the side where the pipe is held. Contagion from two men using the same pipe may result. When an early operation is performed on carcinoids situated on the lip the prognosis may be favorable, but the reverse is the case when the tonsils or tongue are attacked. Smokers should use a pipe with an amber mouthpiece, and it should never be smoked to the bottom. Arid tobacco should be avoided.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

#### Dodging the Question.

It is dangerous to possess a reputation for superior knowledge or wisdom. It is hard to live up to it. Next in importance to knowing everything, perhaps, is to be ranked the ability to conceal one's ignorance.

"Brown," said Jones, "Smith and I here have had a dispute, and have agreed to leave the decision to you. Which is right—To-morrow is Friday, or To-morrow will be Friday?"

"To-day is Saturday; isn't it?" said Brown, after some reflection.

"Yes."

"Then neither one of you is right." And he waved them aside.

#### A Short Term.

The shortest period that a member of parliament has represented a constituency is two hours. Lord George Hamilton was re-elected as member of the Ealing division of Middlesex, on being appointed secretary of State for India, and the parliament to which he had been admitted was dissolved within two hours after his election.



"NO SUMMER HOTEL FOR ME."

ed to see the variety of tempting dishes that can be prepared over a campfire. With proper provision, there is no reason why the bill of fare should not include the perfection of the best table, only that the beefsteak broiled on the coals, and the brook trout just fresh from the brook, cannot be duplicated outside of a camp fire environment. There are, of course, vexatious mo-

satisfied element invariably appears in the professional tourist. Summer vacation means change of air and change of scene, and there are many folks who are continually changing their summer resort. To have sojourned last year at Long Branch means a month in the White Mountains this season, or a summer at Newport this year indicates a residence at Saratoga Springs next season. We Americans are the most restless, changing, unsatisfied people on earth.

There is a certain class of city people, however, who cling to their favorite mountain or lake, the kind of people who do not like the roaring sea and the board walk. They want quiet, mountain air and scenery always. So it appears that, after all, Saratoga Springs, Lake Chautauqua, the Thousand Islands, the Catskill Mountains, Lake George, the Adirondack Mountains and the New England coast have their regular visitors, and they are among the people with whom going to the country is almost as easy as it is for those more fortunate ones who have their own country homes. There is another smaller class of summer tourists who go to Europe for their outing. The hard times, the higher steamship rates, the advancing prices for living in England and on the continent and the desire for retrenchment have reduced this class considerably, and many people who once belonged to that body have sought country homes for the season.

Niagara Falls, celebrated as Nature's wonder throughout the entire universe, has a large number of summer visitors. The big hotels there on both the American and the Canadian sides of the Niagara River are crowded with guests,

depredation. In a prettily shaded rock in a pleasant cove a student can pitch an "A" tent and spend the summer vacation in the midst of the life and beauty of the river at less expense than he could have boarded in the dullest of country towns.

Of the Western resorts and midsummer attractions for the tourist and recreation seekers none can compare with the great lakes, and more particularly

the shores of Lake Superior. It is an outing in itself to bathe along the shores of this famous lake. For hours one can ride along the shore, whose irregularities provide a wide diversity of scenery in woods, among rocks and every few minutes close beside the closed ends of the great bays which spread out into an ocean-like endlessness of water.

There are many points of interest to

the shores of Lake Superior. It is an outing in itself to bathe along the shores of this famous lake. For hours one can ride along the shore, whose irregularities provide a wide diversity of scenery in woods, among rocks and every few minutes close beside the closed ends of the great bays which spread out into an ocean-like endlessness of water.

Again the female dragged the male into the nest and made him take his place on the eggs. Then she stood outside the nest and spruced her plumage, which she had disregarded at sea. Then looking several times into the home and seeing that everything was all right she raised her wings and flew away.

At tea time she had not returned and



THE QUESTION OF THE VACATION SEASON—WHERE TO GO?

ments, when the novice makes a sad jumble of the eggs, or the cook of the day is shut out from congenial pleasures temporarily, but this is made up for when the camper proudly dresses his first 10-pounder, or brings in a brace of birds just plump enough to be luscious and tender.

Of late years this camping out idea has taken magical hold of church choirs, classmates, secret and temperance societies, and large parties of mutual acquaintances.

The best time for camping, some say,

many of them from foreign countries. There are many points of interest about Niagara City, and the big falls are not alone the attraction.

Not many miles distant is the famous Lake Chautauqua, one of the most magnificent bodies of fresh water in the world. The lake is some twenty-six miles long and from two to six miles wide. Steamboats ply its waters, and there are big hotels at each of the dozen landings along the shore. It is an ideal summer resort and a decided

feature in a voyage of the lakes, differing from those found anywhere else in this country. There are the celebrated pictured rocks, the Indian tribes of the North, the famous copper mines and scenery unsurpassed.

People residing in Chicago, St. Paul and other cities, and in the country contiguous, resort every summer to hotel and cottage life at Delavan and Waukesha, at Lauderdale Lake, Benton Harbor, Mount Clemens and Put-in-Bay Island. All along the great lakes

the male pigeon performed his duties without a murmur and the eggs in the nest promise to yield a sea crop of pigeons.

Again the female dragged the male into the nest and made him take his place on the eggs. Then she stood outside the nest and spruced her plumage, which she had disregarded at sea. Then looking several times into the home and seeing that everything was all right she raised her wings and flew away.

#### LOVE'S OFFERING.

If life were a rosebud,  
Bedighted with dew,  
I would pluck it, my darling,  
And give it to you.

If love were a jewel  
That money could buy,  
I would give thee a casket  
No queen could defy.

But love is not purchased,  
In whole or in part,  
So, I've nothing to give thee  
But love, and my heart.

But rosebuds may wither  
And jewels are vain,  
But on to eternity  
Love shall remain.

-Philadelphia Bulletin.

#### A SPECIAL ENVOY.

When Pepworth Tring, the well-known South African millionaire, sent for me, and, after inquiring if I was at liberty for a few weeks, said that he was about to commission me to take a small map to his Johannesburg representatives, I was rather surprised that he should go to the expense of a special messenger when the postal service was available.

"It seems a very simple undertaking," I said.

But he speedily enlightened me.

"Ah, that's where you are wrong," he replied, giving me a shrewd glance. "In this case the post is not to be trusted, and an unscrupulous enemy will strain every nerve to defeat my intention."

"You anticipate there will be an attempt to rob me during the journey?"

"I am quite sure of it. The matter on the face of it is simple enough. This map" (he held up a small piece of parchment a few square inches in size; it appeared to represent the course of a river, for some red crosses were marked on one portion and some lines of writing ran along the bottom) "has to be given to Mr. Howard of Fox street, Johannesburg. There your mission ends. But whether you will be able to accomplish it is another matter. Gibson, my old partner, is determined to obtain possession of this map by some means. He is rich, unscrupulous and can command the services of men even more unscrupulous than himself. This is the reason I do not trust the post. The corruption prevalent among all Boer officials extends to the postoffice; my letters have been opened. He has creatures there in his employ. You must trust no one and conceal the paper in such a manner that it cannot be found."

"But while on shipboard it would surely be better to intrust it to the captain or purser."

"That would be risky, and only postpone their attack on you. If you received the map back safely you would without doubt be robbed of it between Cape Town and Johannesburg. No; when the boat reaches Cape Town they must be under the impression that you are not the bearer."

"Where am I to leave London?"

"The Roman leaves the docks to-morrow and Plymouth on Saturday. Your berth is booked. Gibson is also a passenger, and several of his following. But, perhaps, I had better explain why this map is so important."

"Gibson, like myself, is an old Kimberley man. We both did very well there, and lately, like me, he has been dealing in Transvaal mining property. We have often gone partners in various undertakings. In the autumn of 1894, being then in Johannesburg—about six months ago—and feeling the want of a holiday, I determined to go on a shooting expedition through the Transvaal toward the sea. Accompanied by two Zulus, I carried out my intention, and after some weeks of traveling we found ourselves in the low country bordering on Swaziland. Here, quite by chance, I made a remarkable discovery. In the dried-up channel of what had been a river I came upon traces of diamonds. The find, to my eyes, was most promising; but before I could pursue my investigations further one of my Zulus, dispatched to get food from neighboring kraal, came hot-foot with the news that the Swazis were up in arms. Irritated by some act of Boer oppression, they seemed inclined to wreak their vengeance on me, and so we fled forthwith for our very lives. Before leaving I drew up a plan of the place so that it could be found again."

"After various adventures I reached Durban and took ship for England. Meeting Gibson in London I acquainted him in general terms with my discovery, stating that in the course of my journeying I had found diamonds. I had intended to take him into partnership in this affair, but the knowledge which I gained immediately afterward that he had swindled me in the matter of some gold mines changed my purpose and I broke with him for good."

"Now the value of my find is problematical. Diamonds have not yet been found in paying quantity in the Transvaal. This place may be a second Kimberley, and shake the De Beers monopoly. It is quite possible. Therefore I want the ground pegged out in the usual way, and to register myself as the owner, but if Gibson could get hold of the map he would forestall me. It is not convenient for me to go myself just now, as I have some important business in hand, so not to delay obtaining the claims. I have ordered Howard to peg them out and register in my name, but he can do nothing until he has the particulars contained in this. Now, do you understand?"

"Yes, but how far is Gibson cognizant of your plans?"

"He has found out that I intend sending the map immediately to Johannesburg. This office is watched. You will be shadowed on leaving, and when they find that you are a passenger on the Roman they will conclude that you are

my messenger. It will be your business to nullify that belief."

"I see."

"You had better pretend to be a new sub-manager sent out by me to represent my interests in Johannesburg. Now, can you, do you think, conceal the map in such a way that these thieves cannot get hold of it?"

"I will do my best," I said at length.

"Trust no one," concluded my employer, giving me money for my journey and the boat ticket. "Rely on yourself alone. Put the map in your breast pocket for the present, but find a secure hiding place before you go on board. Good-by, and good luck to you."

My preparations were soon made, and the following morning found me on board the Roman. I had reduced my luggage to as small a compass as possible. It consisted of two small portmanteaus, which would go under my bunk, some wraps and a few novels, with "Lock on Gold," the latter obtained from my employer to sustain my character as a mining manager, and with its covers incased in gray calico. I had joined the ship at the docks to avoid the crush at Waterloo and to see the mouth of the Thames. There were two other men in my cabin, for the ship was full; every berth being taken, but they had not yet come on board, so I arranged my belongings at leisure, and then went on deck as we left the dock to smoke and view the river and the miles of wharves and shipping as we slowly and majestically steamed out to sea. The ship was nearly empty and I passed a quiet twenty-four hours anticipating the coming duel which was to take place and wondering if my simple scheme would be successful.

The mailbags and passengers came on board at Plymouth and a scene of animation and confusion followed, but a rough sea and head wind calmed the exuberance of many of the company, and the dinner tables in the saloon that evening showed an abundance of empty seats. Both my cabin mates succumbed and I left them white and groaning. Fortunately I was a good sailor, and having enjoyed my dinner, later in the evening found myself in the smoking-room smoking one of "Jim" Gibson's cigars and engaged in a chat with that worthy, who was most friendly and evinced some curiosity about myself.

I told my tale, which he accepted with perhaps suspicious readiness. "Employed by Tring, are you? Peppy fellow; I know him well. We used to be friends; now he hates me like poison."

He introduced me to his friends, Spellman, Dunbarton and Vandermier, who severally expressed themselves delighted to make my acquaintance.

The first two or three days my adversaries only skirmished, tried to pump me, and dropped broad hints as to the advantages which would follow if I joined them—hints I ignored.

As, however, they felt pretty sure that I was the bearer of the coveted map, my portmanteaus were searched more than once, and my spare clothes when I was absent from my cabin. It was Spellman who was told off for his portion of the quest; finding I was not very cordial toward him he struck up a friendship for one of my cabin mates, which gave him an excuse for entering at all hours. I did not think it advisable to enlighten the latter, as my attitude was to blandly ignore my adversaries' behavior.

Spellman's researches proving of no avail, the great endeavor to discover if I had the paper took place about a week after Madeira was passed. I was playing in a whist tournament and noticed that Dunbarton and Vandermier were playing map with the two men who shared my cabin. I guessed that Spellman was making a thorough search, and as soon as I was at liberty I hurried there.

It had indeed been thorough. Every article had been taken out of the portmanteaus and examined, and the portmanteaus themselves cut and hacked in search of a secret hiding place. Everything had been scrutinized, even the gray calico cover pulled off "Lock" to make sure that nothing was between it and the binding. Nor was this all, for while I surveyed the wreck I became conscious of an overpowering feeling of drowsiness and knowledge came to me that I had been drugged. Too late I remembered having just accepted a drink from Gibson, but I had only sense enough left to tumble into my bunk before falling into a heavy sleep.

They no doubt searched me to the skin that night, for I slept as the dead, but though I woke next morning with a bad headache I felt well pleased, for no result had rewarded their toil. Of course, I made a fuss as to the conduct of some mysterious thieves, who had not even spared the lining of my boots, and certain inquiries were instituted, which came to nothing. I innocently complained to Gibson as to the bad quality of his whisky, and there apparently the matter ended, for I was molested no more.

Gibson continued good friends with me, and often came and chatted as I languidly studied "Lock on Gold" in my deck chair. As a practical mineralogist he pointed out the best parts to study, and I imbibed much information valuable enough had I designed to turn miner. He was an amusing man, his creed simple enough—"Get money, honestly if you can; but get money." A more efficient auctioneer for selling the numbers of the ship's run in the daily sweeps it would be impossible to find, and I enjoyed the privilege of acting auctioneer's clerk, with "Lock" for a desk on my knee.

It was 4 o'clock on a Tuesday afternoon when we reached Cape Town, and Gibson managed to get away by that evening's train, leaving two of his followers to bring his luggage on next day, when the rest of the passengers bound for the Rand traveled.

The third morning after landing found me in Fox street, Johannesburg, seeking Howard's office. I had just seen the name in the window, and had ascended the steps to the door of the building when a passer-by pulled up on recognizing me. It was Gibson.

"Hello," he said, "where are you off to now?"

The time for caution was passed, victory was mine, and I could safely enjoy my triumph. I surveyed the baffled financier with a smile of infinite satisfaction and replied:

"I am the bearer of a certain document from Mr. Tring to Mr. Howard."

From the expression on my face and the accent on my words he read the truth and knew that I had baffled him, and his face changed. Words failed him, for he was taken quite by surprise and bewilderment rendered him speechless.

Enjoying his discomfiture a few seconds, I turned and went in, leaving him on the pavement below, the most unhappy man in Johannesburg.

Having entered the outer office and given my name to a clerk, I was speedily shown into Mr. Howard's private room. He greeted me warmly and in the same breath inquired if I had been successful.

I said I had.

"That's good news. I've just got my mail and heard of your coming. Look—you see, the envelope has been tampered with. You are sure Gibson hasn't set eyes on the map?"

"Absolutely," I replied, then gave him a short account of the efforts to secure it.

"Ay, ay, they wouldn't stick at much. You're fortunate to get here with a whole skin. But where is it, after all?"

In answer I produced "Lock on Gold" and, taking my penknife, cut off the gray calico cover, which I had put on again after it had been pulled off. Then, inserting the point into the cover itself, I cut it open. There, snugly concealed, lay the precious map. I had, before leaving London, cut the cover open with a sharp knife, and placing the map in between, glued up the edges with great care. Being unable to absolutely conceal the fact that the cover had been cut, I had put the calico cover over, and when it had been torn off by the eager searcher he had never noticed that the binding itself had been cut.

Thus, safely and securely, the map had traveled, unseen by any eye, untouched by any hand, and now, having placed it in the possession of Mr. Howard, my mission as a special envoy was over.

With the knowledge gained by the map Howard took steps which very shortly made the land where Pepworth Tring found diamonds the property of that worthy, and I knew no more, as nothing further has been heard of the discovery—no company has been publicly formed to work it. But I have a strong suspicion that the find turned up trumps, and that the reason of the silence is that it is too good a thing for the public to be admitted.—Chambers' Journal.

**Our Smaller Colleges.**

"There are a few striking facts about the small American college," writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. "One striking fact is that sixty per cent. of the brainiest Americans who have risen to prominence and success are graduates of colleges whose names are scarcely known outside of their own States. It is a fact, also, that during the past ten years the majority of the new and best methods of learning have emanated from the smaller colleges, and have been adopted later by the larger ones. Because a college happens to be unknown two hundred miles from the place of its location does not always mean that the college is not worthy of wider repute. The fact cannot be disputed that the most direct teaching, and necessarily the teaching most productive of good results, is being done in the smaller American colleges. The names of these colleges may not be familiar to the majority of people, but that makes them none the less worthy places of learning. The larger colleges are unquestionably good. But there are smaller colleges just as good, and, in some respects, better. Some of the finest educators we have are attached to the faculties of the smaller institutions of learning. Young girls or young men who are being educated at one of the smaller colleges need never feel that the fact of the college being a small one places them at disadvantage in comparison with the friend or companion who has been sent to a larger and better-known college. It is not the college; it is the student."

**Unworthy Books.**

A healthy body undoubtedly conduces to a healthy condition of the mind, but it does not produce intellectual activity. The only way to accomplish intellectual results is to work the mind. Hard work of any kind is never easy—it may be satisfying and exhilarating, but not easy. When you really work your brain you know it; even to concentrate your attention to begin a task is a serious effort. Many wise workers say that when you have learned the power of concentration you have solved the problem of effective intellectual work. That is the first stumbling-block that the person who does not habitually read books, even for recreation, encounters. It is so difficult to pin your attention to the printed page, for you think of things nearer at hand with which you are familiar. But a sensational novel captures the uneasy attention sooner than more thoughtful books; therefore, people of untrained minds are the greatest devourers of unworthy books.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Girls should disabuse their minds of the idea that their husbands will lick any man who speaks disagreeably to them.

#### RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

**Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.**

**E** ARNESTNESS is self-denial at work.

The dog with a gold collar is still a dog.

A bad man sees little good in other people.

A man is known by what he is and where he is.

It is easier to set a man down than to set him up.

The doctor's best text-book is a good judgment.

The lofty tree is seldom measured till it is down.

The seeds of virtue grow best when planted early.

The crown is beyond the cross of toil and self-denial.

Your acts will not go right while your thoughts go wrong.

The big fool lacks conscience, the little fool lacks brains.

To get money without work, has made all the thieves.

"Success is costly." Paste these three words across your mirror.

Satan can wax fat in a heart too small for Jesus to squeeze into.

Nothing is more to be dreaded in church or state, than ignorance on fire.

When weeping mothers are given the ballot, their tears will put out the fires of distilleries.

A drop of the oil of humility will save a man from a great deal of the smart of humiliation.

A sermon hasn't been preached until it has got into a few pairs of shoes and gone out on the street.

Solomon took the world for a text and preached the shortest sermon on record—"All is vanity."

The lion spirit of greed is always seeking to lie down with the lamb, but it wants the lamb inside.

What must Jesus Christ think of his Bride, the Church, carrying on a political flirtation with the saloonkeeper, the seducer and destroyer of his children?

**The Life Beyond the Grave.**

"There is a little book entitled 'The Life Beyond,' that presents the truth of the Resurrection in a wonderful manner," writes Evangelist Moody in the Ladies' Home Journal. "It is an allegory and pretends to give the experiences of a little dragon fly grub. The little insect longs to know what is beyond the sphere of its little world. In vain it inquires of the fish that live in the same pond, but they have no experience in any other sphere, nor can any of its fellows satisfy its anxious yearning. The only world it knows is a little meadow pond; all its experience is limited by the bounds of the surrounding banks. At length the grub is overcome by a strange attraction upward, and gathering about it all its fellows it tells it that it must leave them for the regions above, and promises to return to tell them what it has found to exist in the beyond, if, indeed, there may be anything above the burlapshells of their little pond. And then quietly it disappears from the sight of its fellows and emerges into the bright sunlight of the greater world. Here it is transformed, and now with outstretched wings it darts hither and thither reflecting the brightness of the sun from its gorgeous body. But it does not forget the promises it has made to the friends it has left below. It tries to return to the world from which it has just been resurrected, but cannot now leave the atmosphere in which it lives. All it can do is to wait for them to come to where it now lives, a beautiful dragon fly."

**Pioneering.**

It is quite the custom to speak of the whites who were the first to go among the Indian tribes of the West as "pioneers of civilization." The "civilization" was not always of a perfectly civil order. The officials and traders of the old Hudson Bay Company used to claim credit for this rough pioneering. If we may judge from the records of the company, their work was thorough in its way, but the way was a hard one. Some entries in the account-books of the company, made more than a hundred years ago, will show how the civilization was being done.

"Dec. 31, 1795. Served out a quart of rum per man; the evening spent in innocent mirth and jollity."

"Jan. 1, 1796. All the Indians drunk about the place; great trouble in keeping order."

Two entries of an earlier date, and from a station still farther north, show what were the amenities of intercourse between the "civilized" and savage races when questions of right and justice were in the way of settlement. The first entry reads:

"The Company's cook, a lad of 16, having been carried off by the Esquimaux, three out of a party of six passing Esquimaux were seized as hostages until the return of the boy."

Five years later another brief entry shows how this transaction was finally closed:

"Had a row with the three Esquimaux detained. They were shot, and their ears pickle in rum and sent to their tribe, to show them what had happened."

"Enough for two—A very fat man."

handsome women who represented the different courts of Europe at the Queen's jubilee.

**Women in Kentucky Politics.**

The fact that ten public school superintendents in Kentucky are women,

and that there are forty women candi-



#### CODE FOR A WIFE.

# TO MANUFACTURERS

Who desire a location combining every feature conducive to prosperity, sufficiently near to San Francisco to enjoy all the privileges of a site in the metropolis, and yet sufficiently remote to escape the heavy taxation and other burdens incident to the city.

Where a ship canal enables vessels to discharge their cargoes on the various wharves already completed for their accommodation.

Where large ferry boats enter the large ferry slip now in use, and land passengers, freight and whole trains of cars.

Where an independent railroad system gives ample switching privileges to every industry.

Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

Where some of the largest industries in the State are today located and in full operation.

Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

Where the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company own **THIRTY-FOUR HUNDRED** acres of land and **Seven Miles of Water Front** on the San Francisco Bay, and on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

If you desire such a location come and see what we have in South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

For further information call or address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

Detail information cheerfully furnished. Address

**SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.**

202 SANSOME STREET.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

## WESTERN MEAT COMPANY . . .

### PORK PACKERS

— AND SLAUGHTERERS OF —

## BEEF, SHEEP AND CALVES

: : :

— PACKERS OF THE —

## GOLDEN GATE — AND — MONARCH BRANDS

HAMS, BACON, LARD AND CANNED MEATS.

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